

from where i kneel (i hold all the cards) by hopphorn

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Summary:

Steve Harrington is a popular prep who's had his knob polished plenty of times. But never by Billy Hargrove

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Author's Note:

posted originally on [tumblr](#) for a smut prompt.
enjoy!

An idea dawns when Billy gets his hands on Steve's fattening cock and the guy lets out a groan that makes Billy's dick jump. The sound is delicious and sinful and reeks of virgin and that sets a fire in Billy's gut. Suddenly, he has this *realization*: this is his chance to *ruin* King Steve for any girl in Hawkins. His chance to stake a claim and keep Steve crawling back to him for seconds. Thirds. Fourths.

Hell, he could probably get Harrington to fucking *propose* if he does this right.

So Billy puts on the brakes, big time. His insistent tugging on Steve's dick becomes soft, dragging pulls and Steve groans against Billy's lips, tucks his hips to try and chase after more of that friction that he needs but just *can't* seem to get. But his palm isn't under-stimulating, by any means. Billy squeezes, the way he knows feels good and the way no girl would dare to handle a cock. He just moves *slow*. He doesn't even let Harrington slip out of his pants, keeps him dressed so the guy can't open his legs from the way his jeans are pushed down. It's enough to trap him around the thighs. Enough to have him squirming and frustrated and tugging at Billy's shirt until he's laughing against Steve's teeth.

"Need something, Harrington?"

"Christ, you're an asshole." Steve mutters. But he's smiling. Billy's smiling. It's good shit, between them. From the first time they kissed to the first time they dry humped like virgins against the brick wall outside the gym. He'd come like that, with Steve, and they'd been smiling then too.

Good shit.

But he was about to up his game. Three pointer to win the game. To

keep Harrington to himself for the rest of the summer.

“You want me to suck your cock?” Billy asks, cruelly giving Steve’s balls a little tickle with his fingertips to make his point. Harrington’s cock weeps and he shivers in Billy’s embrace.

“Fuck, Billy.”

“That a yes?” Billy doesn’t wait for permission, he sees the way come is welling up at the slit of Steve’s big cock and he can’t help himself. He ducks his head and sucks at it, laps it up and moans like it’s the best taste in the world.

It’s not, by far. But the sound of absolute shock that pops from Steve’s red lips makes the bitterness *worth it*.

“Jesus.” Steve whines, swallows as Billy licks his tongue across his top lip like he’s drinking one of those thick milkshakes from the diner that Steve’s always raving about.

“My favorite flavor.” Billy winks and Steve’s face breaks out in a blotchy pink, his breath catching in his throat. “You got any more?” He keeps eye contact as he lowers his head, teases the head of Steve’s cock with the tip of his tongue until, to his surprise, more precome slicks his lips. He moans, sucks, licks him clean until Steve is thrusting into Billy’s fist, making more of a mess on his palm.

“Billy, Jesus. I can’t—” His are hands twitching, reaching out for Billy but retreating, like he’s unsure.

“Touch me.” Billy demands. Steve obeys, fingers brushing against his cheeks and diving into his hair as he moans and more come leaks from his cock. “Fuck you’re messy.” Billy teases, laps his tongue across the pearly trail until he’s swallowed every drop. But he doesn’t suck. He doesn’t give into the temptation to finish Steve off with his talented mouth. No, he waits. He lets Steve fuck his hand and grip him by the curls and whine like he’s out of his *mind* with it all.

Besides, his view is too good to pass up. King Steve, porn star in action: jeans down his thighs, enormous cock, hard as granite and obscenely slick, shirt pushed up to his ribs to show off that dark trail

of hair that Billy loves. Yeah, he's not ready to give up his front row seat to the hottest show of the summer. Even with Steve's cock spurting more of that creamy come, practically begging for Billy to suck the rest right out of him. He's tempted. *He is tempted.*

"Fuck, you're a sight, Harrington." Billy growls, mouthing at the length of his dick, lavishing the silky smooth skin with licks and kisses.

"And *you're* a tease." Steve grinds out, tossing his head back until he hits the Camaro's backseat with a hard *thump*. "I need to come, *fuck*."

"Yeah?" Billy laughs, opens his mouth to flick his tongue over the slit of Steve's head until he's hissing, whining, throwing his head back again. "Where do you want to come?"

He's expecting Harrington to say something predictable, like his face. Or his mouth. He'd enjoy either and it's what Billy would say, if the tables were turned. He's always wondered what King Steve would look like with a load on his tongue.

"Your abs." Steve moans. "Fuck, I want to come on your stomach."

Something cuts through Billy at Steve's words, something primal and hungry, and he whimpers, nods his head frantically.

"Fuck yeah." He jerks Steve faster. "I want it." Without warning, he gives Steve his mouth, opens his jaw so Harrington can *thrust* and the guy does. He moans and gasps and Billy can taste how close he is, how *much* is already running down his chin.

"Billy. I-fuck."

He pulls off and rips his shirt over his head, tosses it into the driver's seat while Steve leans forward, bites at his neck. "I wanna come on you." He moans against Billy's pulse and that's all it takes. That's all the incentive he needs to let Harrington take control, toss Billy onto his back and climb on top of him.

But it's still Billy's hand rubbing slick over Steve's cock when he starts to whine, rocking his hips to an unsteady rhythm.

“Give it to me.” Billy whispers, leans forward to suck for just a second until Steve is grunting, thighs flexing.

Then he lays back and moans as King Steve blows his load, a chorus of *Billy Billy Billy* filling the car as a warm puddle forms on his abs. It’s a mess but it’s *Harrington’s* mess and that makes it gourmet according to Billy’s pallet. That makes it worth spreading around, gathering up and licking from his fingers.

“How are you real?” Steve pants, watching as Billy cleans himself off with a devilish smile on his lips. “I mean, *goddamn*, look at you.”

Billy strokes the denim-clad thighs on either side of his waist, thinks something along the line of *how did I get so lucky* and smiles.

“Mmm, I like my view just fine.”

Author's Note:

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